# THE POPES NEVV-YEARS GIFT, *Anno* 1622.

*Containing*

# A DISCOVERIE

## Of the Abuſes of the Romane Clergie.

*VVritten firſt in Latine, by ſundrie*

Authors of their owne Profeſſion:

And novv tranſlated into English, by G. L.

*Roma diu titibans longis erroribus acta*
*Corruet, & mundi deſinet eſſe caput.*

1622.

*Printed at Sainct-Andrewes, By Edward Raban, Dwelling in the* Kirke-Wynde, At the Signe of *The A B C.*

## Pſalme, Lxviii.

*GOD will ariſe, and His enemies Shall bee ſcattered: They alſo that hate Him, Shall Flee before Him, &c.*

# THE PRINTER
# TO THE POPE,
## *And the reſt of the Romane Clergie.*

MOſt Zealous Father, *in your owne Affairs, I pray you let it neither offende you, nor ſeeme ſtrange, that we haue put foorth this little* Treatiſe *to the view of the World in our owne Language; conſidering that long agoe even theſe ſame* Verſes, *amongſt aboundance of others, haue bene publiſhed in* Latine *by Men of your owne* Religion, Societie, *and* Profeſſion.

*I am aſſured it is not unknowne to your ſelfe, your Cardinals, Prieſts, and other learned Patrons of your Faction, what* Arioſto, *that famous and learned Poet, borne in* Lombardie, *hath written in his* Satyrs, *of the Court & Clergie of* Rome, *being a familiar Servant, at that time, to Pope* Leo *the tenth. As likewiſe* Francis Petrarch, *Arch Deacon of* Parma, *a* Florentine *borne, who lived in the dayes of* Benedict *the twelfth, & being highly eſteemed in his Court, was earneſtly ſoliſted by the ſaide Pope, who offered to giue him a* Cardinals Hatte, *if hee would perſwade his Siſter (a faire, comelie, and young Gentle-woman, who dwelt in* Avignon) *to render unto his deſire, for hee granted him to be outragiouſly entangled in her loue. But good* Petrarch *both abhorring the Popes deſire, and his offer, aunſwered, That ſuch a filthie Hatte was not to be received upon ſuch an unhoneſt condition: and (quoth hee) were it not for the reverence which I beare to the Sea of* Rome, *my Pen ſhould ſurely paint out your Knaverie. And there after, receiving Meſſiue Letters from ſome of his friends who had left the Citie, wherein they earneſtly deſired him, to let them underſtand the eſtate of the Court of* Rome *in writ; Thereupon hee wrote certaine Epiſtles,* ſine titulo, *not daring either name the writer, or to whom hee wrote. Out of the which it ſeemeth mine unknowne* Author *hath made choyſe of theſe few Verſes at this time: and I, according to my ſlender Skill & abilitie, haue put them foorth in the beſt faſhion and order I can to your reading and cenſure.*

*As for* The Order of the Friers, *(I neede not to tell it you) it is ſet downe according to* Virgils *Verſe, in forme of a* Cento: *written by* Lelius Capi-

Capilupus, *even one of your owne* Romane Catholickes, *borne in* Mantua. *And the other thinges also I finde to bee translated out of your owne Poets, such as* Mantuanus, Palingenius, *and other famous Men even amongst your selues.*

*Therefore, Hole-lye Father, I am in good hope, that neyther you, nor yours, will be offended with us for publishing this little worke, sithence it is no new Invention, nor yet the Antiquitie thereof proceede from any of our Ancientes, whom ye call* Adversaries, (*naming them by many names of derision, such as* Heughenotes, Guesen, Heretickes, *&c.*) *but which was first written (as I haue said before) even by such as the Sea of* Rome *called not only* Brethren, *but also* Fathers, *and were indeede nourished, and sucked the Milke of your* Iesebell, *and were no lesse addicted unto her follies once, than your selues are at this day: till afterwards it pleased the* LORD *to open the eyes of some of them (evẽ as yet He dayly openeth the eyes of the understanding of as many amongst you as Hee hath chosen to life everlasting: of the which I doubt not you haue over good proofe within these few yeares bygone, by worthie* Spalato, *and others) of whom wee may say with* Amos *the Prophet, that* The shepheard of Israel *takes some pieces out of the mouth of the Lyon, &c.*

*But farre bee it from mee, that I should seeme to insist in Divinitie, or enter into disputation with you, lest I should giue you occasion to say, that there is scarcitie of Divines amõgst us, where the rurall* Printer *taketh in hand to convert the* Pope. *Yet sithence that the Great Divines, Ornate Preachers, moste learned Theologues, &c. are named Mastiues, or great barking Dogges in the Scripture; and againe, since the little Brackes, Spanels, and Keuts, are moste times the Fore-runners, and Starters of such wild Beastes as bee hurtfull for a Commonwealth, and consequently slaine by the great ones, which are of sufficient power: Then I thinke it no presumption at all, to take upon me at least the office of a Starter, though not a Worrier, seeing that I haue sufficiently traced thorow the Dennes which are inhabited by* Romish *Foxes, in the Countreyes of* Holland, Zeland, Brabant, Flanders, Freezland, Gelderland, Westfalen, East-land, Germanie, *&c. For though I could not barke where I came, yet forsooth I linned not to yelpe: and now I am farre lesse minded to bee silent: Yea, though I bee waxen olde and hoarse, and am no more able to trayle my Legges after mee; yet I will sit mee downe upon my wearied Loynes, and howle moste irksomlie, unto our Mastiues, yea, to the Master of the whole Kennell, for helpe to hunt the Wolfe of* Rome. *In plaine tearmes, hole-lie Father, if I can doe no more,*

*more, yet I truſt the jangling of my Preſſe ſhall be heard a great way, even from* Sainct-Andrewes *in* SCOTLAND, *to* Rome *in* ITALIE: *eyther to convert, confound, or at leaſt diſturbe your ſelfe, and Confederates.*

*Now, it may bee asked by ſome of ours, and marvelled at by ſome of yours, why I ſhould preſume in ſuch homelie wiſe to dedicate this mine unlearned Epiſtle, unto ſuch a learned and holy Patron? But indeede there are manie occaſions which mooue me thereunto, of the which, becauſe I will not be tedious, I ſhall incert heere onely a few: Firſt, Becauſe I my ſelfe am a Stranger in this Soyle, and having many years frequented amongſt you, there may be perhaps ſome Atheiſts amongſt our ſelues, who ſuſpect mee to bee a Papiſt. And againe there may bee perchance ſome amongſt you who hoped that I was on your ſide, and expected my ſocietie. But let this ſuffice to certifie every mans opinion concerning my Religion: for as well the Papiſt as the Atheiſt, the Arminian as the Annabaptiſt, &c. I deteſt as the Devill himſelfe, who is all their Author.*

*But yet before I leaue, I muſt tell your Hole-lineſſe what were the firſt occaſions, even from mine Infancie, why I could not ſettle my fanſie in your Religion: After that I had ſerved the worthie Eſtates of* Holland, *full ten years in their tedious Warres, I reſolved to travell farther, and ſee faſhions: then I tooke my journey from* Ryneberke, *towards* Colonia Agrippina: *and then forward to* Mentz, Frankford, Worms, Frankendale, Spiere, Straesburgh, *&c. where I founde companie who were bowne to viſite the holy Citie of* Rome, *and I reſolved to goe with them: but when wee came to the Alpes, I was conſtrained to turne backe againe, with certaine* Engliſh *Gentlemen, who came from* Rome: *and becauſe their Guide was dead by the way, they hyred me, and I convoyed them through all* Germanie, *even to* Hamburgh, *viſiting all the faire Cities, and the Churches as we went. And when we came into a Papiſh Church, it was delicately decored, with faire Images, and burning Torches and Lampes at noone dayes: but the* Lutherians *were nothing ſo braue: as for the* Calviniſts, *they durſt not preach within three myle of any Towne. Then againe, I behelde the Papiſh Prieſt, he ate and drunke the Sacramentall Bread and Wyne himſelfe alone, and gaue the people nothing, till all was done, & then hee came, and ſprinkled them with water: but the Lutherians were better Fellowes, the Prieſt gaue every one aſmuch as he tooke himſelfe: and the Calviniſts dealed it amongſt themſelues.*

*Surely I beheld all this, and remembred the wordes of the Apoſtle,* That we ſhould try all things, & keepe only that which is good. *Let us then all at the leaſt ſtryue to follow the*

*Apoſtles*

*Apoſtles counſell, & to imitate Marie, that wee may chooſe that good parte, which ſhall never bee taken from us.*

*To that end, holie Father, I pray you addres your ſelfe, yet at laſt: caſt off the triple Crowne, and take up the Croſſe of Chriſt: reject that heavy yoke of Satan, and take Chriſts burden, which is eaſie. Ye Cardinals, lay away yours Hattes, & put on Chriſts Crown of Thorns in this world, that in the world to come ye may receiue the Crown of Glorie. Ye Prieſts, Monks, Friers, &c. take no longer delight in your warme and ſoft cloathing, daintie Fare, Leacherie, and avariciouſneſſe: but be cloathed, I pray you, with Chriſts Mantle, with Pietie, Loue, Chaſtitie, &c. Let true Religion once enter into your hearts, which is yet but upon the tip of your tongues. And, O ye people, which ſit in darkneſſe, and remaine in the Region and ſhadow of Death: even you, I meane, who are any wayes addicted unto that* Romiſh *Idole, that* Antichriſt, *that* Man of ſinne, *that* Childe of perdition, *the Pope of* Rome: *come foorth, I ſay, come foorth of* Babel, *if yee deſire to bee the Lordes people: make none homage to that Beaſt, and beware of the Hoore which ſitteth thereon, that yee taſte not of her Delicates, nor bee drunken with her Wine, for if ye commit iniquitie with her, ye ſhall alſo receiue of her plagues. The Lord hath ſaid it: Whom I beſeech, for His mercies ſake, and for His Sonne Chriſt Ieſus ſake, to turne everie one of you to His true worſhip, as well Pope, Cardinals, and Prieſtes, as People: that ye may bee converted with us, and ſaved in the laſt day.*

*Thus I moſt humbly take my leaue, at this time, beſeeching you all favourablie to accept this my* New-Yeares *Gift, even with as good will as I ſend it you: expetting none other recompence, but that you put it in practiſe. And ſo fare yee well:*

Sent from Scotland, out of my Typographicall Muſe, at Sainct-Andrewes, unto the Citie of Rome, in Italie.

*The firſt of Ianuarie.* 1622.

Yours, to bee commanded,

*In the Lord* IESVS,

EDUARDUS RABANUS,

*Anglo Britannus, Gente Germanus.*

# THE ORDERS OF THE FRIERS:

## VVritten First by Lelius Capilupus, In *Latine Verse, in forme of a Cento*: And novv tranſlated into ENGLISH METRE.

I Am the Man, when others died for Loue,
Who in the Woods my Verſes did indyte,
In Countrey Ryme, which Trifles then did proue:
But now reſolue a greater Worke to wryte.
Yet not ſuch Lies as VIRGIL did invent,
Of DIDOES death, and gaue ÆNEAS wyte.
My Song ſhall bee of MONKS multipotent,
And flattring FRIERS, in Gravitie perfyte.
Couragious Men, young, luſtie, ſtrong, and ſtout:
Whoſe Heartes, and Mindes, are from good Labour free.
Thus will I ſing their Prayſes round about,
By MANTOES helpe, with pleaſant Harmonie.

## *Their Firſt Beginning.*

THeir Race firſt came from *IVPITER* aboue,
If that wee may the Hiſtories belieue.
Yet, not-the-leſſe, their conſtancie to proue,
They were conſtrainde like Heremites to liue:

In Dennes, and Caues: through Woods, and Wilderneſſe.
No Houſe they had, nor Reſting Place at all:
But wandring to and froe, in great Diſtreſſe,
And ate ſuch Fruites as from the Trees did fall.
The Fountaine Spring did ſerue to bee their Drinke.
No Wine was found amongſt that Companie.
On daintie Fare they never once did thinke:
Nor on ſuch thinges as provoke Leacherie.
All ſober Men, Religious, Chaſte, and True:
But now, alace! who can refrayne from Teares!
If that hee pleaſe but once to take a View,
And marke the Off-ſpring of theſe Holie Friers.

## Their firſt Author Sainct Francis.

DOwne from the Clowdes a Sainct came ſuddenlie,
Who did convene this Multitude moſt pure:
And charg'd them all, from Wilderneſſe to flee,
To Civill Townes, where they might liue more ſure.
Then did they martch, by Companies full thicke,
Through *EVROPE*, *ASIA*, and *INDIA*: then ranne
Theſe luſtie Laddes through out all fayre *AFRICKE*,
Till they poſſeſt a thouſand Townes: and than
Made change of Woods, and Wilderneſſe in Fielde,
With Golden Cloſters, and Palaces moſt faire.
Full ſoone the Youth to greater Eaſe did yeelde.
When as they came where companie repare,
They quyte caſt off their former Gravitie,
Which their Fore-Fathers wonted uſe of olde:
Embracing Pryde, with Greede, and Leacherie:
And Vices moe, with Orders manifolde.

## Their Eaſe.

ALL Care they haue, Is for to make good Cheare,
And by great Fires to ſit in Winter Night.
And eke in Summer, when th'Aire is hote, and cleare,
They ſeeke a Covert, from the Sunnes faire Sight.

In Gownes

In Gownes they goe, to keepe them from the Colde.
well armed downe, from Head, unto the Foote.
With Cappe, and Coule, of doubles manifolde:
A ſure Defence for Gravell, and for Gout.

## The Laicke Off-ſpring.

THis Kynde Immortall, ſtryues for to maintaine
The Honour which their Prædeceſſours wanne:
And haue ſet downe ſuch Orders as are ſeene:
With Offices, and Rowmes, for everie Man.
As Magiſtrates in Cloſters, and in Towne,
To rule the reſt of their moſt Holie Band.
Some for the Kirke, to ſerve them up and downe:
Some with the Prieſt, at the Altar to ſtand.
One for to keepe the Offring which they get:
Another ſerues to plant and delue the Yarde.
One for to waite upon the Cloſter Yate,
And keepe the Friers, who preaſſe for to breake Warde.
All ſhaven over, both Head and Beard alyke:
With Bellies great, and Backes as fatte as Swyne.
They blow and beltch, like anie Carron Tyke:
Like Brazill Cockes, with drinking too much Wyne.

## Their Orders.

BVT if I had an hundreth Tongues at ones,
I could not tell how manie ſortes there bee:
Nor yet declare the Orders, nor the Names,
Of this vylde Race, nor their Poſteritie.

## Their Mattens.

VVHEN as this Troupe hath ſlept full well all Night,
From ſofteſt Beddes incontinent they ryſe:
At ſound of Bell, ſoone after the Day light,
And goe to Kirke, where as their Relictes lyes.

With great devotion, their *MATTENS* for to ſing.
The Prieſt beginnes, all cladde in Linnen whyte:
Whoſe roaring Voyce makes all the *KIRKE* to ring:
Even ſo the reſt to anſwere take delyte.
Soone after that hee to the Altar goes,
And thundreth out three hundreth Sainctſ at ones,
Foorth of his Throat, and ſniefling with his Noſe,
Hee thriſe proclaimes, with manie fained groanes,
Wee are the cauſe of our owne miſerie:
O Holie Father! who doeſt in Heavens remaine,
Thy Glorious Name bee prayſde æternallie:
Let us beholde Thy Countenance againe.
Seeing wee are Thy true Off-ſpring indeede:
Our Fathers firſt downe from the Clowdes deſcended:
Bee præſent alwayes with us in our neede:
Take us to Heaven, when as this Life is ended.

## *Their Maſſe.*

HEre are the Relictes, which in Thy laſt Night
Thou leftſt behinde, before thou ſuffredſt Dead.
Here is the Altar, ever in our ſight,
Vpon the which wee breake the Holie Bread.
O Sonne of God! why ſee wee now Thy Face,
VVith Bloodie Woundes disfigur'd all about?
Thy Skinne is rent, with markes in everie place,
From Fire of Hell to holde Thy Servantes out.
The Devill himſelfe ſtill trembleth at Thy ſight,
And all the Crew which lodge into that Pitte.
With *IVPITER* Thou mak'ſt our Turnes goe right,
And with the Gods at Banquets for to ſit.
Take care of us, and to our Sutes giue eare,
O Holie Virgine, Mother of the Bleſt:
Requeſt the Sainctes, our Prayers for to heare,
That on the Earth wee may haue quiet Reſt.
This beeing done, the Bread hee takes in Hand,
And turnes it up, and downe, with Apiſh Toyes.

But what hee ſayth no Man can underſtand:
So is his Minde bereaft, with ſudden Ioyes.
Then, at the laſt, hee breakes the Bread in pieces,
And ſwallowes up that Holie Thing at ones.
To knocke his Breaſt, with Fiſts, hee never ceaſes:
And ſendes out Sighes, with manie grievous Groanes.
In like manner, the Cuppe hee holdeth up:
And at the People beginnes to winke and nodde.
Then hee the Wine drinketh out, everie ſuppe,
After that hee ſwallowed hath his God.
In ende hee ſprinkles all about the Altar,
Amongſt the People, where they ſit that Day:
And ſo bedewes them with much Holie Water:
Then bids them all, Depart, and goe their way.

## *The Friers Preaching.*

AN Olde Father, An Holie Frier, doeth goe,
With his gray Bearde, unto the Preaching place:
And there ſtandes up, and lookes about, even ſo,
As though hee were the Mirrour of all Grace.
There hee declares the Tormentes of the Helles,
And how the Gyantes eſſayde to climbe to Heaven.
Of Miracles ten thouſand Sportes hee telles:
With ſome true Tales, to make his Lies goe even.
Hee threatneth then the ſimple People all,
With Plague, with Sickneſſe, and the cruell Peſt:
With Winde, with Raine, which hee'll cauſe on them fall:
And Famine too, amongſt them long to laſt.
VVhat ſhall wee doe? The ſillie People crye,
And mumble over their Prayers in that caſe.
The Women on Faces grouelinges doe lye,
With Sighes, and Sobbes, praying the Sainctes for Grace.
Hee reſtes a while, and then beginnes againe,
More ſoberlie, by ſtreatching foorth his Hand:
VVhich makes the People ſtill there to remaine,
And ſo in ende hee ſhowes to them a Wande:

With this, ſayeth hee, the Soules I doe recall,
Which are condem'd to Purgatorie Fyre.
Then at his Feete on Knees the People fall,
Pardons to get they haue ſo great deſire.
Thus hee beginnes, with everie one a parte,
To heare Confeſſion, how they leade their Liues.
And they declare all Secretes of their Heart,
As hee demandes, the Men, and eke the VViues.
Such as bring Giftes, of Silver, and of Golde,
Or other Thinges, to ſerue his Appetite:
Hee them abſolues, with Pardons manifolde:
For in ſuch Geare hee ſets his whole delite.
But thoſe that want, and haue not for to giue,
Vnto the Helles hee doeth them all condemne:
And to the Devils their Soules even ſo doeth leaue,
Them to torment, in Purgatorie Flame.

## *Their Dinner.*

THE Sermone done, to Cloſter hee retires:
where all the reſt for Dinner doe attende.
Great worke is made, to fill the hungrie Friers:
And everie Man to ſundrie Office ſende.
Some in the Kitchin, to turne the Spitte, are ſet,
well laden with an hundreth Lambes, and Kiddes.
Some from the Butler, Bread and Sault doe get,
To ſet on Boardes, in places where hee bids.
Some bring the Wyne, and Knyues to cutte their Meat:
with Linnen fine, of all ſortes, is layde out.
In the meane time, the Friers that faine would eate,
Till Prior come, they all muſt ſtand about.
At laſt hee comes, who hath command of all:
Convoyed well, with a great Companie,
(Mis-ſhapen Monſter) and ſits downe in the Hall:
whoſe Backe (for bigneſſe) is æquall to his Bellie.
Him they admire, and ſtand about his Seate.
Hee them commaundes, when they are at a ſtryfe:

And daun-

And daunteth thoſe that preaſſe to make debate,
with Chaines, and Fetters : Threatning to take their life.
Remember how yee lived in miſerie,
In former time, with Hunger, and with Colde:
And now are come, with great Felicitie,
To Eaſe, and Wealth, with Pleaſures, as yee would.
This is the Way to Heaven which will you leade:
Goe to, therefore, and thanke the GOD aboue,
Who giues you leaue upon theſe Thinges to feede:
And to your Rowmes incontinent remoue.
Then everie Man makes haſte for to ſit downe,
And who ſhould haue his Hand firſt in the Plate;
As though they had beene to a Battell bowne,
And loſt the ſpoyle, with comming over late.
Some ryue the Ribbes, and make the Bones full bare:
Some carrouſe Cannes, after the *GERMANE* ſorte.
When all is done, and they can get no more,
That Graceleſſe Bande unto the Fieldes reſorte.

## *Their Paſtyme.*

THere they beginne the *W*anton for to play,
Amongſt the *W*oods, by pleaſant running Springes:
*W*ith ſundrie ſortes of Paſtymes all the Day:
And everie one his Inſtrumentes there bringes.
Some for to Fiſh, with Nettes, and Lynes layde out:
Some for to hunt, fetch Gray-Houndes to the Hare:
Some with their Grinnes catch Fowles, which flie about:
And other ſome to Meadowes greene repare:
*W*here as they leape, and ſo doe daunſe, and ſing:
Laughing ſo lowde, through all that Companie:
Till Eccho high makes all the *W*oods to ring,
To heare the Mirth of that Societie.
But if by chaunce a Man of worthie Fame
Come by, and ſee the lewdneſſe of that Band,
Incontinent they flee away with Shame,
And to their Cloſter retire againe frae hand,

# The Begging Friers.

FOorth of the Towne the Begging Friers doe runne,
And goe to Countrey, their Victualles to craue:
So with their Lies, and Flatterie, they bring in
All ſortes of Meate, ſuch as the People haue.
Both Bread and Meale, Fleſh, Butter, Fruite, and Cheeſe:
And lay in Hoorde, againſt the Winter Night.
Thus doe they worke, even like the buſie Bees,
And never ceaſe, but ende ſtill with Day light.

## FVNERALLES.

TO Funeralles when they are charg'd to goe,
This wanton Flocke is readie at command:
And ſo they martch apace, aye two and two:
VVith everie one a light Tortch in his Hand.
What ſorte of Men ſhall wee now call this Kynde,
VVho ſing for joye, when all the Towne doeth weepe?
VVhen People mourne, they are of blytheſt Mynde:
And wiſh, for Gayne, That all the reſt ſo ſleepe.

## *Their Supper.*

VVHen that is done, to Cloſter they returne,
And ſtay a while, till they their Supper get.
The Hall doeth ſhine with Lightes, which in it burne.
Then ſuddenlie to Tables they are ſet.
They make good Cheare, and drinke good Biere and Wine,
Of ſundrie ſortes, the beſt in all the Towne.
When they haue done, the Elder ſorte incline,
To take their reſt, and in their Beddes lye downe.
But the young Laddes, when Olde Fathers doe ſleepe,
They make them bowne, all the Night for to hunt,
After their Hoores, and through the Windowes creepe:
And may not ſtay, with Luſt they are ſo brunt.

## The Nunnes.

THE Holie Nunnes, are locked up, moſt ſure:
An hundreth Barres doe keepe their Yates full faſt.
And all the Night they lye cloſe, and obſcure.
Yet there is ſeene a Miracle at laſt:
Siſters moſt chaſte, without Mans companie,
And kept moſt cloſe: yet ſome times they are found,
(A wondrous thing, that ever wee did ſee)
To haue conceiv'd, and gendred with the winde.
Whereof there ſpringes an Heavenlie Race, no doubt:
And ſpreades abroade into the worlde wee ſee:
vvhich from thoſe Cloſter-Ladies doeth come out.
A Divine Broode, hatched miraculouſlie.

## The Authors Fare-well, to all *the Orders.*

NOW Sirs, Fare-well, with all your ſundrie Sects,
who doe abound, in great proſperitie:
Yee are the Saincts, which everie Man reſpects,
And honoures moſt, throughout all *ITALIE.*
In doubtſome Things your Anſwers they doe craue,
As from *APOLLOS* Oracle of olde:
And gladlie doe the ſame from you receiue,
And thinke moſt ſure what ever yee haue tolde.
Your Care is all in Cloſters for to lye,
And keepe the Saincts committed to your Cure,
When wee in Armes (I doe you not envye)
Muſt fight in Fielde, to keepe our Countrey ſure.
I wiſh I were then of your Holie Bande,
To keepe your Yates, or elſe to plant the Yarde:
That ſo I might free from all Danger ſtand,
And in the ende bee ſure of my Rewarde.

Moſt happie yee, the Sonnes of Mightie *IOVE!*
Who make much mirth, when manie Men doe mourne,
Wee muſt bee gone, and get the Cannons ſtoue,
VVhen Bloodie *MARS* into the Worlde doeth burne.
So great Contentions ryſe now everie Day,
Amongſt the Kinges and Princes of this Age;
That *EVROPE* is into a wofull Fray:
To heare and ſee how the Great *TVRKE* doeth rage.
For all theſe Bragges, and their moſt cruell VVarre,
Yee take no thought, but ſpende your dayes in eaſe:
And bid the Nunnes ſleepe quietlie, without feare,
with open Doores, at Mid-night, if they pleaſe.
O Bleſſed Boyes! How ever Matters goe,
Through out the VVorlde, your Wealth and Eaſe doeth laſt
Your Honeſt Names I will proclaime alſo,
with Penne in Hand, to prayſe you as the beſt.

*FINIS.*

# AN ADDITION,

## *By the Translator.*

THERE is a Monſter riſen up of late,
Begotten of a Nunne, and Beggar Frier:
VVho hath with Knaverie troubled *EVROPES* ſtate,
And through all Nations rayſeth cruell Warre.
His Followers moſt highlie him eſteeme,
As hee were God, and Lord of Land and Sea:
Hee without ſtoppe doeth arrogantlie claime
The higheſt Place, and all Supremacie.
Of this vylde Race a filthie Broode is ſprung
Through all the Boundes and Landes of *ITALIE*:

And i

And in New *ROME* theſe manie yeares hath rung,
with Witch-craft, Inceſt, and filthie Sodomie.
Some call him *POPE*, ſome *Father of the Saintes*:
Some ſay hee is *Chriſtes Vicar, left behinde.*
The Knaue him ſelfe couragiouſlie ſtill vauntes,
That hee in Heaven can looſe, on Earth can binde.
Such is the power hee hath the vvorlde through out,
with triple Crowne when hee in Chaire doeth ſitte,
Kinges, Emperoures, and Monarches all about,
Muſt humblie come, and ſtowpe to kiſſe his Feete.
This *PAGANE* now in *EVROPE* doeth command:
Yea, through the *INDES* his power is extended:
So that no Prince, nor King, dare him gaine-ſtand:
without great hurt, if once hee bee offended.
This Prælates pryde I can not all declare:
Nor Gorgeous Pompe, which daylie doeth encreaſe.
with Cardinalles, augmenting more and more.
By whoſe Grandour the Princes are made leſſe.
VVhen hee departes, and paſſeth from this Life,
The Cardinalles convene to chooſe another:
And diverſe times amongſt them riſeth ſtryfe,
Vnleſſe they take a Frier, whome they call Brother.
When they haue done, they beare him through the Towne,
On Prieſtes Shoulders: even as an Idole god:
And in a Chaire wantes bottome ſets him downe,
To groape the Stones of that falſe fained Tod.
Becauſe (before) the *ROMANES* were beguiled,
with an *ENGLISH* woman, who poſſeſt that place.
Shee, with a Frier, their Holie Sea defyled,
And bare a Childe, to *ROMES* full great diſgrace.
On Solemne dayes, when Maſſe hee pleaſes make,
Two Cardinalles there carrie up his Tayle:
And all the reſt cõvoy him, at his backe,
Till that hee bee ſet downe under a Vayle.
Where in great Pompe hee ſitteth in his Chaire,
They bring him wyne, and conſectated Bread.

Such is his pryde, hee takes off his Attyre,
But will not once make bare his ſhaven Head.
Manie ſtrange Trickes this Hell-*Hound* ſtill deviſes,
And ſettes his Neighboures all at great debate.
To cruell Warres the *Princes* hee entiſes,
That hee may liue into more quiet ſtate.
If anie Prince this *Demi*-Devill offende,
Or with his Subjectes preaſſe to make a *Fray*,
Incontinent his *Blood-Hounds* hee will ſende,
Diſguiſed well, to take his life away.
And then abſolues that wilfull Murtherer,
And for a Saincte him after Canoniſe,
For his obedience to *ROMES* great Sorcerer,
And doing that which did him highlie pleaſe.
What ſhall wee ſay? Let's pray the GOD of Peace,
For to confound this *Antichriſt* of *ROME*:
Who reignes in rage, and never meanes to ceaſe,
From *Blood*-ſhedding, till that hee get his *Doome*,
To *Hell* deſcende, with all his Companie,
There to remaine, in that moſt uglie place,
And ſuffer Tormentes everlaſtinglie:
without all hope thereafter to get Grace.

*FINIS.*

# CERTAINE VERSES,

## TAKEN OVT OF THE EPISTLES OF FRANCIS PETRARCH, ARCH-DEACON OF *PARMA*: *WHICH WERE* SINE TITVLO, WRITTEN TO HIS Friends: whom hee durſt not name, *for feare of the Romane Clergie.*

*Epiſt.* 8.

MY Friendes, yee craue to underſtand
New *ROMES* Eſtate, into this Land:
My Penne it cannot well deſcryue,
Nor *CICERO*, were hee alyue,
Of that great Court the pompe & glore
Though he had Eloquence in ſtore.
What ever yee haue read of olde,
Or by reporte haue heard it tolde,
Of *BABYLON*, that Towre of Pryde,
Where the *CHALDEANS* did abyde:
Or of the *LABYRINTHES* all foure,
Poſſeſſed by the *MINOTAVRE*:
Or of *AVERNVS* filthie Flood,
And of the Lake where *SODOME* ſtood:
Compar'd with this, they are but Fables,
Reported by olde Wiues, and Bables.

*Epiſt.* 10. ¶ Heere is blaſpheming *NIMROD* ſeene:
Heere is *SEMIRAMIS* the Queene:
Heere *MINOS* ſittes, as Iudge him ſell,
And *RADAMANTHVS*, Scourge of Hell.

Foule *CERBERVS* the Yate doeth keepe:
*PASIPHÆ* with the Bull muſt ſleepe.
Whereof proceedes a Monſtrous Race,
VVhen *MINOTAVRVS* keepes the place.
So, to bee ſhort, in former tyme,
VVhat Poets haue ſet foorth in Ryme,
Of Monſters, which before came out,
In *ROME* are ſeene to goe about.
Your vertue brought you to renowne:
Moſte happie yee, who leaues this Towne.
If yee ſuppoſe the Citie bee
After the forme as yee did ſee,
Yee are deceived in that caſe,
Howbeit it ſtandes in that ſame place.
Of olde it did abound with Evils:
But now it is a Denne for Devils.
A Sinke of Sinne, and Gulfe of Payne,
For thoſe that ſtill in it remayne.
Ceaſe to admire, when as I call
This *BABYLON*, the chiefe of all.

*Epiſt.* 10. ¶ Where can that Towne bee placed beſt,
But in the Quarters of the Weſt?
VVhere doeth inhabite, as wee ſee,
A People full of Villanie.
Belieue mee well, in *ROME* there dwelles,
A Tyrant, who in pryde excelles.
More cruell than *CAMBYSES* King,
Or the Great *TVRKE*, who now doeth ring.
Heere *LABYRINTHES* are in great ſtore,
Mens Soules in Darkneſſe to devoure.
Heere *VENVS*, with her wanton Toyes,
Is honoured with Bawdes and Boyes.
Adulteries, Hooredomes, and Inceſt,
Are uſed heere amongſt the beſt:
And counted but for Sportes and Playes:
Even with our Prælates in theſe dayes.

The

The Wyfe is raviſht from her Spouſe,
And to the Papall Seate ſhee vowes.
The poore Good-man muſt leaue the Towne,
Such Ordinance the Pope ſettes downe:
And when her Bellie is made big,
By Cardinalles, who with her lig,
The Husband muſt returne with paine,
And take his wife (with Childe) againe.
All Vertue is trod under feete,
And Trueth findes no place where to ſitte.
VVhere one mans favour is ſo ſought,
And with ſuch flatterie deare bought.
VVhere Bad men are eſteemed beſt,
The Poore, and Iuſt men, ſore oppreſt.

*Epiſt.* 11. ¶ The GOD of Heaven is chaſte away,
And Golde and Silver beares the ſway.
Golde is the Salue for everie Sore:
It makes proude Kinges to bragge no more.
Golde alſo opens Heavens Yates:
Who giues moſte Golde, moſte Pardons gets.
For Golde even CHRIST Him ſelfe is ſolde,
It workes Miracles manifolde.

*Epiſt.* 17. ¶ If *IVDAS* to this Court would come,
And bring his thirtie pens with him,
Hee would bee well-comer times ſeaven,
Than all the Sainctes which are in Heaven.
The Kirke of CHRIST, which was the place
From whence did flow all Health and Grace,
(For to bee bolde, mine Heart it grieves)
Is now become a Denne of Thieues.
Theſe Epicures, and fained Tods,
They mocke Religion, ſcorne the Gods.

*Epiſt.* 16. ¶ Of Heavenlie Ioyes when they heare tell,
And of the Tormentes of the Hell:
They thinke it but a merrie Ieſt,
Deviſed by ſome *LVTHER* Prieſt.

The Reſurrection of the Dead,
For to be judg'd by CHRIST, our Head,
They holde it but for Dreames moſt deepe,
Imagin'd by olde Wiues in ſleepe.
If GOD of Heaven doe not prevent
Theſe perils which are imminent,
His Houſe will be in danger brought,
And all His worſhip turn'd to nought:
I plainlie ſee, and dare not ſay,
VVhat treacherous meanes, and ſubtill way.
¶ This *DIONYSIVS* hath in heart,
*Epiſt.* 13. Our *SYRACVSA* to ſubvert:
And what a Myter now indeede,
*SEMIRAMIS* puts on her head,
For to Inchaunt her Lovers ſo,
That to her vylde imbracementes goe.
Where through all men of honeſt heartes,
Are fled and baniſht from thoſe partes.
The *ROMANES* uſde of olde t'eſchew,
Such places where moſt pleaſure grew:
So bent they were in all degree,
To traine their Youth up vertuouſlie.
Since ſo it is, who will not then,
Flee farre from *BABYLON*, that denne?
Where all miſchiefe and infamie,
Doeth reigne, and dwell continuallie.
¶ I ſpeake of things ſeene with mine Eyes,
*Epiſt.* 12. Not heard by Eares, no Tales, nor Lies.
Thus farre in writ I haue ſet downe,
The Court of *ROME*, and ſtate of Towne,
To you my friendes, though not ſo plaine,
As by mens lyues that here remaine.
You might diſcerne, and plainlie ſee
The whole abuſe of this Citie.
Wherefore, in ende, I you exhort,
Take this for trueth which I report:

If of

If of thy ſoule thou haue a care,
Let not thy minde thinke to come there:
VVhere never man could learne, nor ſee,
True Vertue, nor no Pietie.

FINIS.

# EPITAPHS, AND EPIGRAMS, OF POPES, MONKS, AND FRIERS:

Translated out of ſun-drie *Authors.*

## *Epitaph of Pope Clement the ſeaventh:*

Affixed upon his Tombe at Rome.

THE *WEIRD-SISTERS*, by Deſtinie,
Haue taken from this Life,
*POPE CLEMENT*, who by Perjurie,
Was Author of great Strife.
Therefore rejoyce, all living wightes,
For this was even the Man,
Who did deceiue fayre *ROME* with Slights,
And all the Land ov'r ran.

This was the Man no Worde would keepe,
To Princes, nor to Kinges.
Howbeit that hee had ſworne moſt deepe,
And promiſ'd greateſt Thinges.
This was the Man who vext the Land,
With Tasks and Tributes ſore:
And gathered up, with his owne Hand,
The Countrey Goods in ſtore.

This was the Man who ran about,
Raging with cruell Warre:
And put his owne Eſtate in doubt,
All for to conquiſh Geare.
This was the Man, who would not ſpare
To ſet his houſe on fyre,
If that by murdring here and there,
Hee might get his deſire.

This was the Man, who ſpoylde the Towne,
And manie Widowes made:
By ſheeding Blood, both up and downe,
Of thoſe that ſtill abade.
This was the Man, with Sworde that chaſte
The Duke of *VRBIN* ſo,
And tooke his houſe and landes defaite,
And made him thence to goe.

This was the Man, thou right well knowes,
O *ROME*, who brought to thee,
Both Sword and Plague, with cruell Blowes,
Such was his courteſie.
This was the Man, who foſtered Bawds,
And Bordels hee ſet downe:
And brought in Boyes, and fayreſt Laddes,
A filthie thing in Towne.

Even this was hee, who in his lyfe,
Into the World brought Shame:
And everie Day hee ſtirde up Stryfe,
With an infamous name.
Yea, ſcorned GOD, this wicked Lowne:
A forſworne Knaue was hee:
Who made the Princes readie bowne,
To fight moſte cruellie.

As long hee liv'd, the Corne was deare,
Through out all *ITALIE*:
But yet nothing could mooue him heare
The Peoples Miſerie.
The Famine that in *ROME* was than,
Hee thought it was his Gaine:
And made Vauntage, (unhappie Man)
Even with his Subjectes paine.

Vnfortunate hee thought him ſell,
That hee could not deſtroy
The World, and GOD from Heaven expell:
Which would haue beene his Ioye.
Thus living in a tedious lyfe,
By Sickneſſe ſore oppreſt,
Hee lay with the Phyſicians ſtryfe,
To helpe his dayes to laſt.

Oft times hee wiſhed, Death to ſee:
The *WEIRD-SISTERS* ſayde, No:
They tooke delight moſte cruellie,
For to torment him tho.
And for his hyre, hee knew in Hell,
Ten thouſand Stripes to get:
What hee deſerved to him ſell,
In like ſorte to bee met.

At laſt the Tyrant left the Light:
Now Citizens goe caſt
His filthie Carcaſe out of ſight,
Let Crowes devour at laſt.
Bee blythe, the happie Day is ſeene,
Long wiſhed for before.
Make Sportes and Playes, both Morne and Even,
And ſorrow now no more.

Let this bee holden as a Day
Moſt Holie everie Yeare:
That your Poſteritie may ſay,
Now liue wee without feare.
As Kinges were baniſhed of olde,
By CONSVLS from this Place:
So now wee ſhall no more beholde
This cruell NEROES Face.

## *Epitaph of Pope Alexander the ſixth,*

### By Sannazar.

*STay ſtill, thou Paſſenger, if ſo it may thee pleaſe:*
*Perhaps thou knowſt not who lyes here intombed as thou ſees.*
*Its not the Monarch, he, who all the world ſubdude:*
*But* Alexāder, *cruell Pope, with bloodſhed now embrude*
*Great Kingdomes he overthrew, & Cities brought to nought,*
*For to advance his baſtard brood, & giue them what they ſought.*
*The world with fire & ſword he utterly deſtroyd,*
*And to ſubvert Gods law, & mans, hee all his care employd.*
*To the effect hee might (O filthie to bee tolde!)*
*Abuſe and marrie his owne Childe: with Miſchiefes manifolde.*
*Yet not the leſſe, hee reignde in* Rome, *and bare the ſway,*
*Eleven yeares, ſtill as* Pope, *and Head over all the* Romane *Sea.*

Speak

*Speake not of cruell Kinges, nor Tyrantes doe not name:*
Caligulas *factes were never ſuch, nor* Heliogabalus *ſhame.*
*The reſt (for Modeſtie) I can not well declare.*
*Suppoſe the worſt. Goe on thy wayes. I wiſh thee well to fare.*

## EPITAPH OF POPE PAVL THE FOVRTH.

HEre lyes unhappie *CARRAFA*, abhorde of GOD and Man:
His Corpes to Graue, his Soule to Hell, incontinent it ran.
No Peace on Earth could hee abyde, no honour done to GOD:
The People and the Clergie too, were wracked with this Tod.
To Enemies hee yeelded ſoone, to Friendes a fained Knaue.
What would yee more? hee was a *Pope*, as falſe as all the laiue.

## EPITAPH OF PIVS THE SECOND:

*By Eliberius.*

VNder this Stone doe lye, Pope PIVS clattering Bones:
Whoſe death did bring both reſt and peace to *Italie* at ones.
All Nations did hee ſell, and manie Crymes commit,
Vnder colour of Pietie, and made a Cloake of it.

## IOHANNES SAPIDVS, IN SIXTVM.

POpe *Sixtus* lyeth here, at laſt, goe to now, and lament,
All Bordels, Bawdes, Cardes, Dyce, and Wine, with whom his time hee ſpent.

## EPITAPH OF LVCRES, DAVGHTER TO ALEXANDER *The Sixt. By Pontanus.*

HEre lyes intombde the Popes faire Laſſe,
Whom *Lucres* hee did name:
But in effect THAIS ſhee was,
His Childe, and Hoore, with ſhame.

EPITAPH OF POPE PIVS THE FIFT.

PIvs the fift is dead, a wonder it is to heare,
That amongſt ſuch a number of Popes, fiue only God did feare

# EPIGRAMS.

## Mantuanus, of Sixtus the fourth, *Beeing in Hell.*

THOV Olde Baulde-headed Knaue,
Thou Hoore-Maſter perfyte:
VVho in the companie of Bawdes,
And Burdels hadſt delyte.

Thinkſt thou thy triple Crowne,
Will hyde thy doinges heere?
Or will thy Myter us perſwade,
At favour thee to beare?

## *Martini Flores Temporum.*

## Pope Iohanne conjuring the Devill, Received this Aunſvvere.

THOu Father of the Popes, bring out thy Popiſh Birth,
And then I will declare to thee how ſoone I will come foorth

IOHANNES PANNONIVS, IN PAVLVM.

O *ROME*, be not ſo earnſt, the Stones of *PAVL* to groape
ſince that the daughter which he got declares him an He Po
Marul

## *Marullus, of Innocent the eight.*

WHy ſeeke ye in ſuch ſort, to try this Pope a Man?
Beholde, and ſee his Off-ſpring all, and marke it, if ye can.
Eight Daughters he begot, as manie Sonnes brought out:
So that in *ROME* ye may him call, your Father without doubt.

### PONTANVS, OF ALEXANDER THE SIXT.

POpe *Alexander* ſolde the Altars, CHRIST, and Croſſes.
Why not? he bought them all before, to recompence his loſſes.

### ALBERTVS DE ROSATA.

THe Court of *ROME* diſdaines a Sheepe without the Skinne.
All they that giue, are welcome gueſts: who bringes not, comes not in.

### CONRADVS GREBELIVS, OF IVLIVS THE SECOND.

CAn he be good, who was Sonne to a *IENOVIES*?
And eke his mother borne in *GREECE*, himſelfe in Seas up raiſe.
*LIGVRIANS* are falſe, *GREEKS* all men Liars call.
So doe theſe things concorde with the Pope *IVLIVS* in all.

# PASQVILS,

## Hearken Hole-lye Father.

BY Panders *SIXTVS* hee was led:
And *IVLIVS* alſo,
By *GANIMEDES*: and *LEO* Pope,
With ſcurvie Lownes did goe.

*CLEMENT* with furies vexed was,
For cruell greede of Gaine.
What hope of thy goodneſſe, O *PAVL*,
With us then ſhall remaine?

## Mantuanus, of the Citie of Rome.

IF thou wouldſt liue an honeſt life, from *ROME* flee faſt away:
All Villanie in it is uſde, there good men may not ſtay.
Nothing is there for to be found, but fained freits and mockes;
For which they bring in Golde, and layes up in their Boxe.
Vertue is baniſht from that Towne, all Honeſtie is gone;
And ſcabbed Knaues, with *Ganimedes*, beares the whole ſway alone.

### PASQVILLVS, OF POPE PAVL THE FOVRTH.

*VV*Hat furie mooues thee to take Armes? now *CARRAFA* declare:
Since that thine age is moſt unfit in fielde for to repare.
The Campe thou knowſt not half ſo wel, as Cloſter where thou lyes:
And eke thou wantſt the Earnſt of Warre, Money to make men ryſe.
VVhy doeſt thou now put on thy backe, and on thine head ſo olde,
Moſt heavie Arms, which thou mayſt not caſt off whē as thou wold:
Why troubleſt thou the land this way with woūds yet growing faſt?
And doeſt provoke God *Mars* to fight, now hand to hand at laſt.
Giue reſt, we pray thee, to thy flocke, and let us liue in peace,
Our Holy Father if thou bee, and from theſe warres onçe ceaſe.
Olde Man, lay off thine Armes in haſte, remember Chriſt his word;
Which unto *Peter* Hee did ſpeake, when as hee ſtroke with ſword.

### *THE POPES ANSWERE.*

THe words which Chriſt to *Peter* ſpake, are no wayes ſayd to me;
I would ye wiſt: (by *Peters* leaue, and *Popes* alſo truelie)
For why? I no wayes doe ſucceede to *Peter* in that caſe,
Though manie in the worlde thinke ſo, ſince I came in this place.
The name of *Paul* I haue tane on, his Armour in like ſorte:
And hope the ſucceſſe ſhall be good, *Romes* matters to ſupporte.
Chriſts words I doe remember well, and ſerue Him without feare:
I came not to the world with peace, but for to rayſe up warre.

*Gilbe*

## GILBERTI DVCERII, OF IVLIVS THE SECOND.

POpe *IVLIVS* did make him bowne
To fight with the *FRENCH* King:
And ranne with rage out of the Towne,
Sainct *PETERS* Keyes to fling
Quite ov'r the Bridge, into the Flood
Which *TYBER* they doe call.
And drew his Sword in angrie mood,
In præsence of them all.
Then spake these Wordes, with frowning Brow,
*Since PETERS Keyes will not*
*Defende our Cause, I heere avow,*
Paules *Sworde shall cutte their Throat.*

## IOHANNES PANNONIVS.

ONce in thy Kirke, good *PETER*, as wee reade,
A Woman ruled, and in thy Chaire sate:
Till that a Frier her Holynesse did leade,
To the Conclaue, and her with Childe begate.
Which made the *ROMANES* afterwardes beware,
Of such lewde Pranks. When as they choose their Pope,
From that Office they did all those debarre,
Who would not suffer both their Stones to groape.
Why is not now that Custome keeped still:
And used yet with Clergie Men indeede?
Because they proone before-hand with their Pill,
And bring a number foorth of Bastarde Seede.

*Cordus, Lib. 2. Epig. in Iulium 2.*

VVHen as Pope *IVLIVS* ended heere his lyfe,
Hee went to Heaven, there entrie for to get:
And with his Keyes long time hee made much stryfe,
To see if they could open once the Yate.
But all in vaine: the Locke did him gaine-stand:
And would not yeelde to his Supremacie.

When PETER heard, hee roſe, and came frae hand:
And asked, Who knockes ſo preſumptiouſlie?
The Pope ſayde, Knaue, knoweſt thou not my name?
With triple Crowne, and Pantables of Golde.
PETER replyde, Forſooth yee are to blame,
That now would claime the Rowme which yee haue ſolde.

## STIGELIVS, IN SYLVA.

THere was a Monke, who in a Night did leade,
By light of Moone, an Hoore unto his Bedde:
And with his Cowle full finelie did her hyde.
With Linnen Sarke, and no more was ſhe cledde
Of chance an olde Frier met them by the way,
Who did perceiue her Milke white Legges and Feete:
And to the Monke in homelie wiſe did ſay,
VVhat carrie yee, which makes you ſo to ſweate?
The Monke ſayde, Sir, it is my Ryding Geare:
To morrow I foorth of the Towne muſt ryde.
The Frier replyde, Then take my counſell heere,
Your Sadle ought yee better for to hyde:
For if your Brethren chance once for to ſee
That Harneſſing which yee haue by your ſyde,
They will prepare themſelues, as well as yee,
Their tyme about on that ſame Mare to ryde.

## CORDVS 6. EPIGR.

SIxe Monkes at eaſe on Privie were all ſet,
And with their Prior, in Cloſter where they lodged
Making their moane, becauſe they could not get
Obedience: but ſtill the People grudged,
And made of them nothing but mocking ſtockes,
Through out the Towne diſdayning them alway.
The Prior ſayde, Brethren, albeit our Flockes
Bee ill diſpoſde, and oft times goe aſtray,
Yet God Hee will deliver us from Sturt:
(Hee ſees, and knowes, the paynes which wee endure,)

And drowne the Heretickes into this Durt,
For their rewarde, no doubt, I you aſſure.
When hee had ſayde, the Boardes beganne to cracke,
And all the Timber which helde up the Staire,
Fell in the Flood: the Monkes lay on their Backe,
Like waſhen ſheepe, ſtill ſwattring here and there.

## CORDVS, LIB. 6. EPIG.

A Countrey Wench, confeſſing once her ſinnes,
In time of Lent, unto a Cordeliere:
Who after ſilence (a long time) beginnes
To ſpeake ſome wordes, but could not ſay for feare.
The Frier exhorted her nothing to hyde:
But ſhew foorth all her ſecretes to the light.
Deare Sir, (quod ſhee) harde by my Miſtreſſe ſyde
I thought I ſaw your Prior lye all Night.
The Frier in rage ſayde, Hypocrite, dar'ſt thou
Preſume to ſlander that Woman of good Fame?
It was Sainct *FRANCIS*, our Maſter, I'll avow,
Of whom wee haue our Order, and our Name:
Hee hath great care to heare us, when wee crye,
And helpe us in our great neceſſitie:
Oft times with us in Bedde ſo will hee lye,
And change nothing of his divinitie.
The Wench replyde, Then bee what Sainct hee will,
Hee left his Brieckes behinde him in the place:
If Sainctes bee ſuch, forſooth I haue no Skill:
I am yet ignorant in that ſame caſe.
The Frier ſayde, Yes, beware thou doe not touch
Theſe Holie Thinges, which Relictes wee doe call:
And doe pertaine but onelie unto ſuch
As are ſhaven cleane, and haue the Orders all.
To morrow wee to Kirke will them convoy:
To ſerue as Relictes, vvorſhipped to bee,
By all ſuch Wyves as gladlie vvould vvith joy
Conceiue a Chylde, and haue Poſteritie.

# THE CONCLVSION,

## BY PALINGENIVS,

## *In Leone, Lib.* v.

LEt not a Frier, nor filthie Monke,
Nor Prieſt, with you haue place.
There is no Plague, nor Peſtilence,
Like them, in anie caſe.
They are the Off-ſcouringes of Men:
Of Miſchiefes, Fountaines plaine:
Lyke Wolues, which goe in Lambe Skinnes clad,
And worſhip GOD for Gaine.
Vnder colour of Pietie,
The People they deceiue:
With Trickes and Toyes moſt cunninglie,
And fynelie play the Knaue.
They raviſh Maydes, and Wyues alſo:
Yea, Boyes they doe abuſe:
All Holie Thinges they ſette, and ſell:
Much Gluttonie they uſe.
Great Miracles they ſtill invent,
With fained Fantaſies,
To heape up Golde into their Hoordes,
Blinding the Peoples Eyes.
All Superſtition they maintaine,
VVhich mooveth GOD to yre:
And Him they will not ſerue at all,
Vnleſſe they get great Hyre.
No, If they thought not to get Gaine,
Their GOD they would denye:

And the faire Temples, vvith their Sainctes,
All broken downe would lye.
LIB. IX. VVherefore great *IVPITER* conveande
His Counſell farre and neare:
And in the audience of them all
A Queſtion hee did ſpeire:
About the Monkes which dwell on Downes,
And pleaſantlie abyde:
VVhere *ARIMINIVM* ſtandes moſte faire,
Hard by the River ſyde:
If hee might Capon them, even as
Olde Women doe the Cockes?
And take their Goods to his owne uſe,
And make them mocking Stockes?
Becauſe the Wanton they did play,
And filthilie commit
Moſte haynous Crymes, lyke to their Pope,
Who chiefe ov'r them doeth ſit?
For ſhame how can the KIRKE abyde
Theſe Swyne to beare the ſway,
VVho eate and drinke, and wallow ſtill
In filthie Leacherie?
LIB. IV. They will not marrie honeſt Wyues,
The reaſon may bee kende:
Adulterie is their delight,
VVith Hoores the tyme to ſpende.
To the effect the ſimple ſorte
Their Knaverie may not ſee,
They cloake and cover their Miſdeedes
With Vayle of Pietie.
Now all the Worlde may well bee called
A Denne of Rogues and Thieues:
All Kinges and Princes they oppreſſe,
Who in their Lawes belieues.
The Common People in like ſorte,
In Countrey, and in Towne,

By Popes are taxed everie yeare,
And cruellie trodde downe.
What ſhall I ſay of filthie Luſt,
Vſed amongſt that Traine?
ADVLTERIE, INCEST, SODOMIE,
With Man and Mayde amaine.
Monkes, Channons, Friers, of everie ſorte,
And Prieſtes with all the reſt,
Who weare the Cowle, as Clergie Men,
And vow for to liue chaſte:
VVith Hoores they haunt, Boyes they abuſe,
And Matrones they defyle
In Bordels. And in Countrey they
The Rurall ſorte beguyle.
Some keepe their Siſters, for their Hoores,
And ſome vvith Daughters lye:
Some Beaſtes abuſe, ( O horrible! )
Lyke filthie Swyne in Stye.
Husbandes, debarre this Helliſh Troupe,
And let them not come neare:
Leſt they giue you the faire Enſigne
Of CAPRICORNE to beare.

FINIS.

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